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OUR LADY OF THE FLOWERING THORN.

A LEGEND OF THE OLDEN TIME

From the infancy of the church, images of our Blessed Lady have been in use among the faithful, to kindle and to keep alive in their hearts a tender devotion towards the mother of God. When the Barbarians overran the Roman Empire, the Christians, fearful of profanation, hid these statues of the Blessed Virgin in the most secret recesses of caves and forests. The Huns and Vandals spared neither age nor sex, and when the tumult of war had subsided, few or none remained to withdraw those statues from their hiding-places; and there they rested until the providence of God made many of them be discovered, and often in a miraculous manner.

"Our Lady of the Flowering Thorn" was one of these, and the marvellous circumstances of its discovery, are thus related by a chronicler of the olden time.

On the western side of the Jura, there once stood an old baronial residence. Its noble owner had heard the voice of St. Bernard calling through the length and breadth of the land, to the rescue of Jerusalem and of the holy sepulchre. He had listened to the thrilling words, "Hail to thee, holy city, city of the Son of God, chosen and sanctified to be the source of salvation to man. Sovereign of nations, capital of empires, metropolis of patriarchs, mother of apostles and prophets. The glory and benediction of the Christian world—hail to thee." The infidel had taken possession of her, and christendom rose to the rescue. Who has not heard of what the world calls the fatal ending of St. Bernard's crusade? yet surely not fatal to those devoted souls whom love of God inspired to fight for the land where Jesus suffered and died for them, and who fell on the battle field, to rise and grasp the crown of glory. Among these heroes of the cross, fell the lord of our castle on the Jura, leaving a widow to mourn her loss, while she rejoiced in his gain. "Sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing." Their names have been lost in the lapse of ages; he is only remembered as the Crusader, she as the Saint.

It was on one of those days when winter, about to leave the earth, seems to cast himself into the bosom of spring, that our saint was walking along the avenue of her castle, her mind full of pious meditation. She had reached the termination of the avenue, when her eye was attracted towards a thorny bush, and there she saw an arbutus laden with the richest blossoms of spring. She hastened towards it, doubtful whether the flakes of snow had deceived her; but no, she found it crowned with a multitude of little white stars shaded with crimson rays, and she carefully broke off a branch to hang up in her oratory, over an image of the Blessed Virgin which from childhood she had venerated, and joyfully she returned towards the castle carrying her innocent offering. Whether this little tribute was really agreeable to the divine mother of Jesus, or whether it was only that pleasure which the heart feels at the slightest effusion of tenderness towards a beloved object, so it was, the soul of the lady was that evening filled with the most ineffable sweetness. She promised herself such pleasure in going every day to gather a fresh garland to adorn the statue of her mother Mary, and she was faithful to her resolution.

Now it happened one day, that being very busy in relieving the wants of the poor who came to her gate for alms and kind words, she could not go to gather her garland before the shades of evening had covered the earth, and as she approached the thicket an uneasy feeling came over her, occasioned by the increasing darkness. She was thinking it would be difficult to gather the flowers, when a calm clear light seemed to overspread the bushes.

Startled at the sight, and fearing a banditti might be lurking there, she paused for a moment, but remembering she had never once omitted to bring her offering, she boldly ventured forward, though it was with a trembling hand she plucked the branch that seemed as if it bent towards her.

During that night and all the next day, the lady reflected on what she had seen without being able to account for it, and her heart being penetrated with the mystery, she went the following evening to the thicket, accompanied by a faithful servant and her old chaplain. The soft light was seen as they approached, becoming every instant more bright and vivid. They stopped, they fell upon their knees, for it seemed to them that this light came from heaven. Then the good old priest arose and moved with reverential step towards the thicket, chanting a hymn of the church; he put aside the branches which appeared to open of their own accord, and lo, a little image of the Blessed Virgin, rudely carved by unskilful though pious hands, and it was from this statue the light emanated. "Hail Mary, full of grace," said the priest kneeling before the image, "and at that moment a melodious murmur was heard through the surrounding woods, as if the chant had been taken

up by the choirs of angels." He then recited those admirable litanies where faith speaks the language of the most sublime poetry; and after repeated acts of adoration, he took the statue in his hands to carry it to the castle, where it would rest in a sanctuary more worthy of it. The lady and her servant followed, with hands joined and bended head, repeating the responses of the solemn litany.

It were needless to tell of the elegance and rich decorations of the niche where the holy image was placed, surrounded with blazing lights and rich perfumes, while the lady and her household knelt in prayer until morning advanced—but lo, when the beams of the orb of day arose upon the earth, the image was no longer to be seen.

What secret sin had drawn down this disgrace upon the castle of the lady? Why had the heavenly virgin quitted the widowed saint? What new dwelling had she chosen? The blessed mother of the lowly Jesus had preferred the modest shelter of her flowery thorns, to the eclat of a worldly dwelling. She had returned to the freshness of the woods to taste the peace of solitude and the sweet exhalations of the flowers. All the inhabitants of the castle proceeded at evening to the wood, and found it more resplendent than ever. They knelt in respectful silence. "Queen of angels, Queen of all saints," said the chaplain, "it is here thou art pleased to dwell, be it as thou wilt."

And soon a temple was raised on the spot, embellished with all the architectural beauties these ages of faith and poetic sentiment could inspire. The rich adorned it with gifts, and kings lavished on it jewels and gold. The renown of the miracles operated there, drew crowds of pilgrims, and ere long a convent raised its head, of which the saint became superior. She died full of years and good works, and our Lady of the Flowering Thorn received her pure soul, and carried it in her maternal arms to the blissful bowers of Paradise, where thornless flowers bloom for ever around the throne of God.

M. L.

GOLD FISH.

These beautiful fish are of the carp *genus*, and are natives of China. The rivers of that country, according to Du Halde, abound with them, and when preserved in vases they form a considerable amusement to the Chinese ladies. These fish, though naturally very tender, have long been naturalized in Britain, where they also breed freely. They were first introduced into this country about the year 1691, but were not generally known till 1728, when a great number were presented to Sir Matthew Dekker, and have gradually been distributed to most parts of the country. They breed in ponds and small portions of water, but are not to be found in any of our rivers. A flow of water, even through a pond, is almost sure of destroying them, the water, by such a change, proving too cold for them: but in stagnant water, and even in fetid ditches, they appear to do well. The increase of these fish, when first put into a pond, will be very considerable, but after a time unless the young fry are removed, there is little or no increase; this arises, no doubt, from their eating the spawn before it has life. In the Chinese rivers the spawn is carefully collected, and exposed for sale, and a great number of barks may be seen on the great river Yangtse-kiang, which go thither to purchase it. When the spawn becomes alive, the fish are of a very dark colour, many of them nearly black, and others of a dark slate colour. The former of these produce the red or gold fish, the latter the white or silver fish. The time at which this change takes place is very various. In some it happens at the end of the first year, but in others not till the second or third year, or even perhaps later. Our observations do not enable us to give any general rule on this subject. Although these fish are extremely tender, yet they are seldom affected by our coldest winters, and seem in the spring to have been not at all altered by the winter months. The heat, however, of the hand, is sufficient to deprive them of life, and is probably one reason why they seldom live long when confined in glasses. Persons who are desirous of keeping them should change the water very frequently, and remove the fish by a small landing-net. It is also of advantage to keep them during the night in a pail or tub of water, and remove them into the more confined place in the morning. The best time of the year to take them from the pond is during the month of April, or before they become heavy with spawn; for in a state of confinement they seldom or never survive the spawning season. They never spawn in a transparent vessel. The colours also of these elegant and beautiful fish vary considerably at different seasons; but we have always noticed that the colours are the most brilliant about the time they spawn. When kept in ponds they may be made very familiar. By occasionally feeding them with bread they become tame, and will generally begin to congregate on hearing the sound of the human voice. It is not at all unusual for them to be brought together at the sound of a whistle, or other shrill noise. But if any attempts i made to catch them, either by hook or net, they become extremely shy, and it is not until after a considerable time that they again become familiar.

SEA TERMS.

(From the Journal of a West India Proprietor, by M. G. Lewis.)

Windward, from whence the wind blows.
Leeward, to which the wind blows.
Starboard, the *right* of the stern.
Larboard, the *left* of the stern.
Starboard helm, when you go to the left; but when to the right, instead of larboard helm, *helm a-port.*
Luff you may, go nearer to the wind.
Theis (thus), you are nearly enough.
Luff no near, you are too near the wind.
The *tiller,* the handle of the rudder.
The *capstan,* the weigher of the anchor.
The *buntlines,* the ropes which move the body of the sail, the *bunt* being the body.
The *bowlines,* those which spread out the sails and make them swell.
Ratlines, the rope ladders by which the sailors climb the shrouds.
The *companion,* the cabin-head.
Reefs, the divisions by which the sails are contracted.
Stunsails, additional sails, spread for the purpose of catching all the wind possible.
The *fore-mast, main-mast, mizen-mast.*
Fore, the head.
Aft, the stern.
Being pooped, having the stern beat in by the sea.
To belay a rope, to fasten it.
The *sheets,* a term for various ropes.
The *halyards,* ropes which extend the top-sails.
The *painter,* the rope which fastens the boat to the vessel.

DECEMBER.

Hail, eldest of the monthly train,
Sire of the winter drear,
DECEMBER, in whose iron reign
Expires the chequered year.

As Winter unfolds his awful train, 'vapours, and clouds, and storms,' the contemplative observer of nature becomes habituated to views of the stupendous and sublime. Verdant groves, variegated meadows, and radiant skies, are now succeeded by leafless woods, dejected wastes, and a frowning atmosphere. But while the incurious and inattentive perceive a dreary uniformity in all around, the penetrating eye of the rural student discovers many a varied aspect of beauty and excellency, which still invite to the most pleasing investigation. And, however paradoxical it may appear, he finds inexhaustible sources of serenity and delight, in that mood of melancholy musing on scenes of desolation, which, in vulgar estimation, would rather

Deepen the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathe a browner horror o'er the woods. POPE.

In fine, in each vicissitude of the seasons, he still discerns the omnipotent Creator, ever bountiful to man; and, whether the gentle gales breathe propitious in spring, or resistless storms ravage the earth in winter, his cultivated mind kindles with devotion, and even calls upon the inanimate world to join him in adoration:

To HIM, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh, talk of HIM in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonished world, lift high to Heav'n
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.

THOMSON.

Rain and wind are extremely prevalent in this month, and, as the frost seldom sets in till the latter end of December, this month may be reckoned the most unpleasant of the whole year. The weather is cold, bleak, and gloomy; and, generally, one continual succession of storms and tempests. At other times, we have ice and snow; and, about Christmas, the cold is sometimes intense.

At WINTER'S numbing touch, the fields
Lie withered to a waste,
The *trees* their naked boughs extend,
Obnoxious to the blast.

The lifeless *leaves* blow here and there,
The sport of ev'ry wind;
And here and there the *wood-birds* flit,
But can no shelter find.

In the *unfinished furrow* lies
The *plough*, nor wounds the field;
The *restless rivers* cease to run,
In icy durance held.

Shorn of his rays, scarce does the *sun*
His glaring orb reveal;
But sudden *sets*:—Night fast behind
Unfolds her sable veil. GRÆME.

The flowers mentioned as continuing in blow in January, of course afford their beauties in this month. Evergreens, firs, ivy, laurel, and that most beautiful plant the *arbutus*, rich in flowers and fruit at the same time, serve to enliven this dreary month. The common arbutus (*arbutus unedo*), or strawberry-tree, rises to the height of twenty or thirty feet, but rarely with an upright stem: it usually puts out branches very near the ground. The leaves keep on all the winter, and are thrust off in the spring by new ones; so that it is always clothed with leaves.

The oak, the beech, and the hornbeam, in part, retain their leaves, and the ash its keys. The common holly (*ilex aquifolium*), with its scarlet berries, is now conspicuous; and those dwarfs of the vegetable creation, *mosses*, and the liverwort (*lichen*), now attract our notice.

Now nought is green upon the oak
But *moss* and rarest *misletoe*.

Mosses are spread over the whole globe, so that, in some situations, the soil is exclusively covered by them; and thus, frequently, bare rocks gradually become fertile. As they grow most copiously on the north-west side of trees, it is probable that mosses serve to protect them from the severity of cold; but if these parasitical plants be suffered to increase too abundantly, they nor only tend materially to injure trees, but also to stifle the more useful vegetables of the soil. Mosses are almost constantly green, and have the finest verdure in autumn. Some of the mosses spread in a continued leaf; others grow hollow above, like small cups; others round on the top, like mushrooms, and some shoot out in branches. All these have their different seeds, which do not require great delicacy of soil but take root on any thing where they can grow unmolested.

Those *mosses* which rise immediately from the earth are more perfect; some of them white and hollow, or fistulous; and some of them not much inferior to regular plants. The more perfect sorts grow on stones, in the form of a fine pile or fur, like velvet, and of a glossy colour, between green and black. But the first sort, which appears like scurf or crust, seems to rise but one degree above the unwrought mould or earth. An unhealthy tree is never without these imperfect *super-plants;* and the more unhealthy the tree is, the better they thrive. A few of the most remarkable mosses, are, the greater water-moss (*fontinalis antipyretica*); *bryum rurale;* grey bog-moss (*sphagnum palustre*); yellow powder-wort (*byssus candelaris*, or *lichen flavus* of Withering); and the common club-moss (*lycopodium clavatum*). This last grows in dry mountainous places, heaths, and woods, and is principally found in the north of England; it produces a prostrate creeping stem from one to three yards in length, and flowers from July to August. Mosses, diminutive as they seem, are no less perfect plants than those of greater magnitude, having roots, flowers, and seeds.

Each MOSS,
Each shell, each crawling insect, holds a rank
Important in the plan of HIM who formed
This scale of beings; holds a rank, which lost
Would break the chain, and leave a gap
That Nature's self would rue!

Of the liverworts, or lichens, there are more than three hundred and sixty species, the greater number of which are natives of Britain. The various kinds of lichens are subservient to many important purposes; some are used as dying-drugs: in Lapland, one species constitutes the sole winter subsistence of that useful animal the rein-deer; and, in Britain, the *lichen islandicus*, which grows much on the mountains of Wales and Scotland, is used as a medicine. In Iceland, food is prepared from it.

The *red-breast* is still heard 'to chaunt his cheerful strain, and again demands our tribute of affection, which we cheerfully render to him in the following stanzas of an anonymous poet:—

The summer's past—the *swallow's* fled,
The *linnet* seeks her half-leaved shed,
And mourns the sun's decline;
But thou, my ROBIN! constant bird,
With sweetly plaintive voice art heard,
Though storms uproot the pine.

DECEMBER'S blasts no fears create,
With Hope's soft strain thou cheer'st thy mate,
Although no sunbeams shine
For in this season doubly rude,
The humble song of gratitude,
Sweet ROBIN! still is thine.

As so few of the feathered tribe are seen in this dreary month, we must not forget to assign a place, in our ornithological register, to the harmless, chirping, *sparrow*. No bird more frequently meets our eye than this, and if it does not charm the ear by its

voice, it amuses the mind by its familiarity and craftiness. It frequents our habitations, and is seldom absent from our gardens and fields. Though its note is only a *chirp*, in a wild state; when early reclaimed, it may be taught to imitate the strain of the linnet or goldfinch. Few birds are more execrated by the farmers, and none, perhaps, more unjustly. It is true, indeed, they consume a considerable quantity of grain and fruit, but then it should be considered that a pair of them will destroy upwards of *three thousand* caterpillars in a week. Nor is the utility of these birds limited to this circumstance alone: they likewise feed their young with butterflies and other insects, which, if suffered to live, would be the parents of numerous caterpillars. Catullus has devoted an Elegy to the sparrow, replete with poetic beauty. This fortunate bird was

D'une belle Romaine ami tendre, hôte heureux,
Aimable parasite, et compagnon fidèle,
Sautillait, babillait, tourbillonnait près d'elle,
Sur ses lèvres de rose accourait à sa voix,
Baisait son cou d'albâtre ou becquetait ses doigts;
Et, des jeunes Romains voluptueux émule,
Fut pleuré par Lesbie, et chanté par Catulle.

DE LILLE.

The shortest day, or winter solstice, happens on the 21st of December; and the joyful season of Christmas is now fast approaching.

How many a heart is happy at this hour
In ENGLAND! brightly o'er the cheerful hall,
Flares the heaped hearth, and *friends* and *kindred* meet,
And the glad *mother* round her festive board
Beholds her *children*, separated long
Amid the world's wide way, assembled now;
And at the sight, *affection* lightens up
With smiles the eye that AGE has long bedimmed.
I do remember when I was a child,
How my young heart, a stranger then to care,
With transport leaped upon this holy day,
As o'er the house all *gay with evergreens*,
From friend to friend with eager speed I ran,
Bidding a *merry Christmas* to them all.

Towards the end of the month, *woodcock* shooting commences. The predictive signs of his appearance are faithfully marked by the author of '*Fowling*,' a poem; and the haunts and habits of this bird are prettily described by the same author.

Pope, in his '*Windsor Forest*,' has the following picturesque description of the winter sports of the fowler:—

With slaught'ring gun th' unwearied *fowler* roves,
When frosts have whitened all the naked groves;
Where *doves* in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely *woodcocks* haunt the wat'ry glade.
He lifts his tube, and levels with his eye;
Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky;
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clam'rous *lapwings* feel the leaden death:
Oft, as the mountain *larks* their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

Of the snipe (*scolopax gallinago*), which becomes a prey to the fowler in this and the following month, there are more than forty varieties, mostly breeding in Europe, and subsisting on insects. Some of these wild-fowl frequent moors, others delight in swampy bushes, and others in the open fields.

With pleasure now the fisher-boy will take
His quantum of the ugly dark-hued *hake*;
Nor less delight his anxious bosom feels,
To view the lead-complexioned congor *eels*,
In span so bulky, in dimension long,
To touch quite slimy, and in motion strong,
These mostly constitute the troller's gain,
Who, blest with them, ne'er thinks he toils in vain
Willing endures winds, wet, frost, hail, and snow,
With all the perils of the depths below.

These fish constitute the major part of the winter's produce, though the fishermen are sometimes fortunate enough to procure soles, turbot, flat-fish, &c. &c. in the trolling-nets. The *conger-eel* is, upon the western coast, the most disgusting marine production that can meet the eye. The largest are nearly two yards in length, and proportionate in thickness; which the poor people are obliged to eat, for want of other victuals. Soup, it is said, made from this eel is very nutritive, and delicious to the palate. A conger-eel was, some time since, taken in the Wash at Yarmouth, by a fisherman, which measured six feet in length, and twenty-two inches in girth, and weighed three stone seven pounds. The eel, on finding no way for escape, rose erect, and actually knocked the fisherman down before he could secure it.

In this month, those wild animals which pass the winter in a state of torpidity, retire to their hiding places. The frog, lizard, badger, and hedgehog, which burrow under the earth, belong to this class; as also the bat, which is found in caverns, barns, &c. suspended by the claws of its hind feet, and closely enveloped in the membranes of the fore feet. Dormice, squirrels, water-rats, and field-mice, provide a large stock of food for the winter season.

On every sunny day through the winter, clouds of insects usually called gnats (*tipulæ empedes*), appear sporting and dancing over the tops of evergreen trees in shrubberies; and they are seen playing up and down in the air, even when the ground is covered with snow. At night, and in frosty weather, or when it rains and blows, they appear to take shelter in the trees.

Little work is done by the farmer, out of doors, in this month; his cattle demand almost all his attention and assiduity

(To be continued.)

St. Philip Neri laboured greatly for the conversion of souls; and with such admirable skill did he draw them back to the way of our Lord, that the penitents themselves were filled with wonder and amazement, for he had such a mysterious power over them from his great sweetness and gentleness, that it seemed as if those who had once had recourse to his ministry, could never again leave it. He was most attentive in accommodating himself to the nature and different dispositions of each one. If great sinners and persons addicted to evil habits applied to him, he exhorted them in the beginning to abstain from mortal sins, and then by degrees conducted them with an admirable art to the highest point that he saw suitable for them. One day a penitent threw himself at his feet, so dreadfully entangled in the net of a certain sin, that hardly a day passed without his falling into the commission of it. To this person he gave no other penance, than that as often as he was guilty of that sin he should immediately return to him to make his confession, without delaying or waiting to fall into it a second time. The penitent obeyed, and the saint always gave him absolution; enjoining no other penance but that. And by these simple means he succeeded in a few months in rescuing him not only from that vice, but from all his other sins, and even in conducting him to a high degree of perfection.

Venerable Berchmans had always a great desire to be told of his faults publicly, and to be reproved for them: and whenever this happened, it was a great consolation to him. To this end he wrote them down on paper.

St. Catherine of Genoa used to say, "I belong no more to myself: whether I live or whether I die, I belong to my adorable Saviour. I have nothing more of my own, or of what belongs to me; my God is my all, and my being is wholly his. O, world, thou art always the same, and up to this moment I have always been the same; but henceforth I will no more be so."

THE LIFE OF BROTHER MARTIN OF JESUS CRUCIFIED,

OF THE ORDER OF THE PASSIONISTS,

Who died in the year of our Lord 1823.

(Continued from page 548.*)*

He was so careful in the exact observance of the regulations of the congregation, that to be able more readily to apply them on every occasion, he read them over on feasts for a considerable time, and more particularly that most beautiful regulation which treats of the recreation, perhaps the most necessary regulation for preventing the devil from introducing himself by means of chit chat to disturb the peace of the religious; recreation being precisely one of the most dangerous places for us, and where much is often lost, and much gained upon us by the infernal enemy. Martin observed this rule most punctually in all its parts, so that not content with being most exact to it himself, urged by his zeal, he sought to have it observed by all. He made an admirable project one day on this point, which is worthy of being recorded. He proposed that one of the students should have the charge of calling to mind this holy regulation during recreation, whenever he should hear any one fail in any point of it. The project pleased me, and I assigned to himself the execution of it. Another thing likewise, a design for removing entirely every discourse of worldly subjects, or what had been done whilst secular, (though good in themselves, are nevertheless always dangerous), was, that when any one was heard relating any thing that had happened to him whilst in the world, a student should say in a loud voice, "Recedant vetera, Nova sint omnia;" "Let new things take place of old;" which was equally executed by him with unexampled exactness and prudence. The good youth did not seek to perform things not prescribed by the holy rule or regulations, he never asked permission to perform extraordinary mortifications and penances, contenting himself with the exact observance of those ordained by our Holy Institute. He was convinced of what St. Aloysius Gonzaga used to say, "He is a true and perfect religious, who observes exactly all the rules of his institute, and places the utmost importance in perfectly performing the daily exercises, even the least, which religion prescribes for all." Would to God, that certain troubled spirits were well penetrated with this truth, we should not then see so much caprice and irregularity in their operations. This would be the place to speak more particularly of the exactitude with which Brother Martin endeavoured to fulfil in all things what our institute prescribed; but to proceed regularly, leaving many other things, I will content myself for the present with showing his exactitude regarding principal things, viz., his holy vows.

Obedience is the characteristic virtue of every true religious, without which, though a person should work miracles, he would never be a religious. It is a virtue so agreeable to Almighty God, that he prefers it to every other sacrifice, since in all others, man gives to God what belongs to him, whereas, in obedience, he gives himself. However, it is easy to promise to God to be obedient, but, according to St. Teresa, it is difficult to keep the said promise; whence it follows, that many make a vow of obedience, but few observe it with perfection. Brother Martin was one of those few. He did not content himself with having made the vow, but endeavoured with all his strength to fulfil his promise, even to his latest breath. Indeed, before making his vow, he was obedient to a sign, as the Father master remarked. It sufficed for him to hear the word Go, to make him set off without waiting to know where or for what end he was sent. Having made the vow of obedience, one may say, he only sought how he could most perfectly comply with it, obeying readily, simply, and cheerfully, as our holy rule commands. As soon as he knew what the superior desired of him, without so much talk and demur, he immediately thought of executing it. It was this ready and blind obedience, which delivered him from the scruples that troubled him not a little at the commencement of his studies. Would that all scrupulous persons allowed themselves, as he did, to be blindly guided by those who hold the place of God, they would in a short time find themselves forced from similar maladies. He was most attentive to put in practice the cousels given by superiors for the good order of the community; as amongst others, that of keeping the doors of the church shut which led into the retreat; in this he was not only most exact himself, but when he saw others forget, he hastened to supply their deficiency. Having myself enjoined him to see that the Sacristan shut the door of the church every night, this he invariably complied with, though he might be certain of its being shut, seeing the Sacristan go for that purpose, and sometimes it was amusing to see three students going one after the other, or even all three together, to see that the church door was fast, each one to comply with orders from different superiors. They cared little for the apparent want of confidence in each other, provided they blindly fulfilled obedience. As to Brother Martin it was not necessary that the superior should command a thing, it sufficed for our student to know by any means whatsoever, that it was conformable to the wishes of his superior. While in his noviceship he was told by a novice, that a master had said it was customary among our religious, when about to sit down, to gather up the ends of their cloaks and put them on their knees; this was quite enough for Martin, who observed the custom, not only once or twice, but during his whole life, notwithstanding the natural repugnance he felt in doing it, as it appeared to him.

He manifested this repugnance to me, but wishing to exercise him in holy obedience, I told him he must continue the practice in spite of his feelings,

and so he did ever after, without saying any more about it. Whatever else he heard was customary among our good old religious, he took as his law—in walking, sitting, sleeping, eating, and the rest; though these things were in no wise commanded him, it was sufficient that he heard them approved by superiors. It is not surprising he should so readily comply with whatever he knew to be conformable to the wishes of superiors, when we see him equally so to those of his inferiors. It was most pleasing to see how he allowed himself to be directed by the other brothers, younger in religion than himself (he being the eldest). If (while employed in such things as piecing a habit, making a bouquet, working a mark, &c.) one of them observed to him: "Brother, this is not right, it would be better another way;" he immediately, in the most ready manner, appeared grateful for the advice, though, probably, the way he had begun was the best; having made it his rule to acknowledge all for his superiors, and to consider in all the person of Jesus Christ, and obeying them in every thing lawful.

There was one brother who, greatly admiring the singular virtue of Martin, took pleasure in trying experiments upon him, or rather in presenting him with occasions for exercising it. He often gave him advice, especially as to what concerned his health, to treat himself in this or that manner, and the good youth always obeyed him. When he was ill, I told him that Brother N. was to be his Vice-Infirmarian; and it is inconceivable how he attended to his advice. Amongst other things, this brother told him it was not good to drink immediately before or immediately after the soup: to this he punctually acquiesced. One day, however, it happened that the Infirmarian only gave him soup for supper; and though he was much more thirsty than hungry, he did not drink before, and nothing was brought after the soup. Poor Martin was greatly embarrassed, seeing that night he could not drink at all, so he took a mouthful of bread and a raisin, saying pleasantly, "I must make up a small portion, in order to be able to drink." Another time this brother went to see him, and finding him very weak, asked him how he felt; he, being very ill, replied, "I cannot even speak; talking tires me very much."—"Then," said the student, "never speak again." The good invalid held his peace; but afterwards came to me to know what he was to do—in case any of the religious came to his room, if he might answer them.—"And why not?" I rejoined.—"Because, Father," he replied, "Brother N. told me never to speak again." These trifles may appear foolish to such as look upon them with carnal eyes, but not so to those who see them by the light of right reason, as they thereby discover how far this good youth carried obedience.

As to the usual signals for the regular observances, he was so exact that, as one of his fellow students related to me, if he were writing when any of them called him elsewhere, he did not even finish the letter he had begun; and if reading, he did not finish the period: well assured that promptitude is to obedience what the flour is to wheat, as B. Leonard of Port Maurice used to say, He who obeys without this promptitude, gives the bran to God, after having offered the flour to the devil.

Blessed are the poor in spirit, says our Lord Jesus Christ. Blessed are they who live in spirit, despoiled of every thing, having their hearts fixed only on God, the fountain of all good. These are truly blessed, possessing a good which none can deprive them of without their consent. But how little is this beatitude known in the world. There, those are esteemed happy who possess earthly goods in abundance. But why speak of the world? Would to God that, even in religion, this beatitude were not unknown to many. Would to God that many religious, drawn by God out of Egypt, and conducted by his own hand to taste the sweet manna, did not turn back and long for the onions of Egypt. Too many of these are there! Brother Martin was not one. Scarce had he left the world, which he always detested as an enemy, and never served as his Lord, than he separated, not only in effect but in affect, from all that it promises. He was truly poor in spirit. As to poverty which consists in a disengagement from the commodities of life, and their legitimate use, the virtue of Martin was most resplendent; for he never asked for anything that was not absolutely necessary. He was always content with what was assigned him, and had a great reluctance even in accepting that, when it was not absolutely necessary; for example, if any one wished to give him a picture, or a little crucifix, he said he had plenty. He never took upon himself to use even a bit of stick, though necessary, without permission.

On the day the general visitation of the rooms was made, he placed everything he had on a broad little table, that he might conceal nothing, and spread out on his bed the linen he kept for change in his room—so that a brother, who narrowly observed his punctuality and exactitude on this point, used to go on purpose to see it. He was most careful in the use of things, not to waste them. As soon as he perceived a small hole in his habit, he mended it, and put a piece on that it might not wear out too soon. He tried to get the worst things for himself, and was glad if any one gave him old marks, which he would mend and piece, and wear them as long as they lasted. Having one day found an old cap, which had been thrown away as unfit for further use, he picked it up, and as it appeared to him still to be wearable, he asked leave to keep it, which was granted him; and he wore it for a long time, till a superior seeing it, threw it on the fire, to take from him all hope of ever seeing it again.

While he was Sacristan, he was very careful to see if the albs, surplices, and copes wanted mending, and always set to work at them immediately he perceived that they did; so that, during that time, he almost always had one or other of them in hand at recreation.

He used his utmost endeavours to live truly poor,

not only in name but also in deeds. As soon as his illness was declared to be contagious, he would by no means take the new habit which was made for him that year, saying, "If I take this new habit, who will wear it when I am dead?" On the same occasion, he begged I would take all his books out of his room, which were not absolutely necessary for him; also the volumes Del rosetti, excepting one, for fear they should have to be burnt after his death, to the loss of holy poverty. We have already mentioned, that at Corneto he succeded by his entreaties in obtaining of the superior to take his new habit and cap from his room, for the same reason. It only remains for us to notice how perfectly he imitated the poverty of St. Martin, whose name he bore, so that we may also say of him, "Martinus hic pauper et modicus cœlum dives ingreditur."

If poverty be pleasing to God, chastity is not less so. "Beati mundi corde quoniam ipsi Deum videbunt"—Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God. Chastity and cleanness of heart are so agreeable to God, that one might never finish sounding their praise. Chastity draws the soul to God, unites it with God, makes it in some measure like to God himself. This chastity does not consist solely in the body, as some may imagine. No, on the contrary, it consists principally in the heart. "Continentia dicit Angelicus non corporis sed animæ virtus est." Our good brother, chosen by God from his infancy as his temple of delights, gave himself from that time to Almighty God, not less in heart than in body, and was ever most careful that neither should contract the least stain of impurity. Knowing how very difficult, not to say impossible, this would be for a youth who took pleasure in frequent conversation with young persons of either sex, he was most cautious in not entertaining himself or forming worldly friendships with any one. Always alone, one may say, he knew but two streets—that which led to the church, and the one in which was the shop where he worked. On feasts, as we have already said, he always remained at home that he might not be engrossed by the occasions of seeing, hearing, &c. He walked modestly in the streets, with his eyes cast down; from which he was commonly called the hypocrite or bigot (Bizzoco), a witticism often used by worldlings towards persons who from duty attend to piety; he however, not caring for such jests, and content with pleasing God alone and Mary his dear mother, continued his holy method of life, retired and mortified, that by the thorns of derision and mortification, he might preserve the beautiful lily of original purity untainted. Added to that, he afflicted his innocent flesh by rigorous fasts, continual hair-cloth, disciplines even to blood, and long watching—thus to curb and subject it to the spirit. An example particularly for youths who, obliged to live in the world, desire to preserve the whiteness of their purity.

When he became a Passionist, the great danger ceased, which he found in the midst of the world, of losing his chastity; but his watchfulness on this point did not cease, it rather increased. He feared to read any fact, though from Scripture, which treated of anything relating to this virtue. He performed all the mortifications he could, and which are allowed by the rule, to keep the rebellious flesh within bounds. He was truly chaste in body and mind; and as such we may hope he is now singing in heaven that new canticle, which can only be sung by those who truly live pure on this earth full of impurity.

(To be continued.)

HOT WATER.

Having said much about wine, I will not omit all praise of hot water, the efficacy of which, on many occasions in life, is very great, and cannot be too generally known. I will begin with a remarkable cure effected by it on myself. Many years ago, when I was labouring under what I supposed to be an attack of common sore throat, I rode some miles on horseback, with a north wind in my face. I then got into the mail, and travelled near 200 miles; and at the end of my journey, I could scarcely speak or swallow. In the morning I was still worse, and on attempting to force down a little coffee, I found it utterly impossible. In this extremity a physician, now among the most eminent of his profession, called upon me partly through accident. He told me I had got a very bad quinsy, and he immediately ordered a kettle of hot water, recommending me to gargle with it as hot as I could bear, and continually. As we were on intimate terms, and he was only then commencing practice, he remained with me two or three hours to enforce his prescription. I found so much benefit, that after he was gone I persevered till night, at which time I was enabled to take food without difficulty; and in the morning there was no trace whatever of the attack, nor have I ever experienced another, though I was told it would most probably be the case. The medicine ordered me I did not taste, and the sole glory of my rapid and complete cure is due to the hot water. I have never had even a common sore throat since, or I should certainly try the same remedy, though I never heard of its being so applied. In bruises I have found hot water most efficacious, both by means of insertion and fomentation, in removing pain, and totally preventing discolouration and stiffness. It has the same effect after a blow. It should be applied as quickly as possible, and as hot as it can be borne. Very cold water, applied immediately, will produce the same effect, though for a different reason. I was told the other day, by very high authority, that insertion in hot water will cure that troublesome and very painful thing called a whitlow. The efficacy of hot water in preventing the ill effects of fatigue is too well known to require notice. I should think where water cannot be procured, that in the case of a bruise or blow, immediate and continued friction with the hand would partly answer the purpose, by keeping up the action of the vessels. I infer this particularly, because I once avoided any inconvenience from a very severe bruise by keeping myself in vigorous action. As I was crossing Smithfield at a quick pace, on my way to my office, I ran against a bar, and struck myself above the knees with such violence as to make me stagger. The pain was very great, but as I had no time to lose, and there was no vehicle at hand, I hurried on at first with much difficulty, but by degrees more easily. The distance is about two miles, and on my arrival, all sensation of pain was gone, nor was there afterwards either stiffness or discolouration. If I had not kept in action, I am sure I should have felt the effects of the blow for a very long time. It may be useful to some people to be informed, that sealing-wax dropped upon the hand will cause no injury beyond momentary pain, if it is suffered to remain till quite cold.—*The Original, by Thomas Walker.*

THE REV. FREDERICK OAKELEY, M. A.

MR. OAKELEY has just addressed to a friend, understood to be Mr. Newman, a letter "on submitting to he Catholic Church." Some passages of this letter we think will be interesting to our readers.

Mr. Oakeley remarks, by way of preface:—

"It will be evident, almost at a glance that the following letter is not meant in the way of argument or apology. To deal with it under this view of its intention, though a course which promises great success to any critic who may feel disposed to engage in it, would be one, the writer must plainly say, of simple unfairness.

"The writer has further to draw attention to the fact, that hose pages were prepared for publication before as yet he recognised any definite duties towards the Holy Catholic and Roman Church. But, as a change has occurred while they are passing through the press, he feels it right to accompany them with an act of submission to that Holy Mother, at whose feet he desires, by the grace of God, to sit henceforth as a listener and a learner; and would have every word in them interpreted with such reserves and qualifications as his duty to her shall seem to require.

"All Souls' Day, 1845."

We now subjoin parts of the letter itself:—

My Dear—Some weeks ago I gave you at length my reasons for thinking that I was called upon to review my position as a member of the Anglican Church, and expressed to you my determination to give up a certain time to the subject; abstaining, in the interval, from committing myself in any way, and continuing to use, as far as might be allowed me, the means of grace and help which my own Church offered to my acceptance. In your reply, you seemed to admit that my difficulties were reasonable, and that I might very possibly, and even probably, be right in acting, sooner or later, upon the conclusion to which, unless previously removed, they must of course lead me. With respect, however, to the plan which I proposed, of deferring my decision till a period which I named, you spoke less confidently; and implied that, under certain circumstances, (the determination of which you left entirely to myself,) it might, in your judgment, be my duty to expedite the step, which as I told you I was naturally very much disinclined even to contemplate.

I am now going to say why I feel it right to close the term of "waiting for light," and enter on that "preparation." In your letter to me, you distinguish between these two states of mind; adding, that you could not recognise the allowableness of any delay in the act of submitting to that authority which a person accepts, upon a reasonable and well-tried conviction, as dominant over his faith and conscience. That the Catholic Church, in communion with the see of St. Peter, presents itself to myself with this claim upon my submission, is a conclusion which presses upon me with continually increasing force; and, with your own example before me to illustrate and confirm your advice, I feel that I have now a sufficient amount of evidence to determine my course.

I do not consider it necessary to justify myself in the eyes of the world for a course of action which in no way clashes with my previous professions.

I should not care, for any purpose of self-vindication, to have it known why I do leave the Anglican Church, yet, under actual circumstances, I think that I ought to come forward and say publicly what are those reasons which do *not* weigh with me in this decision; and this I find it impossible to do without getting more or less upon the positive side of the question also. I have heard steps such as that which I am about to take justified, or, as it would rather perhaps be said, excused, on the ground which to myself appear not merely satisfactory, but morally and religiously wrong. I wish to disavow these reasons, and that for the sake of others as well as myself. And, considering, too, my own very peculiar circumstances at the present time in the Church of England, I think that I am bound to say how far any of these circumstances have, and how far they have not, contributed to form or hasten my purpose.

1. I will say then, in the first place, that I do not consider it a decisive and adequate reason for leaving my communion, that it is (if so be) involved in more than practical corruption than some other communion, or is characterised by less eminent privileges, or offers to its members less advantageous opportunities. I do not allow that one circumstanced as myself has any business to make his election among (what, according to a certain theory, are called) the "different branches of the Catholic Church," and take up with which of them he prefers. I wish it to be known that I should regard such a course as quite indefensible; and that, could I recognise my present communion as fulfilling towards me *in any sense or measure*, the peculiar offices of the Church Catholic, I should regard the inducements to leave it as so many temptations which I should be bound upon every principle of moral and religious duty, to resist. When I speak of the "peculiar offices of the Church Catholic," I do not refer to the conveyance of divine grace through Ordinances. This I can conceive being vouchsafed, and even as the general rule, to the members of an heretical and schismatical body. For I should not wish to set any limits to the extent of "invincible ignorance," which, upon the Catholic theory itself, is a relief, in the case of individuals (who are the *bona fide* subjects of it), from the bar which schism opposes to the reception of the grace of eternal life through the ordinances of their communion. I refer to the offices of authoritative teaching, and definite and final direction, together with the satisfaction of all those especial (as I may call them) Christian instincts which the Church Catholic is undoubtedly meant to satisfy, which she ever has satisfied, and which, in the communion of Rome, she does actually, as I believe, at this time satisfy—such, for instance, as the filial and brotherly affection. Almighty God, as I believe, does not suffer these and other like good impulses which He has implanted in us, to run to waste; neither, on the other hand, does he satisfy them directly and without ordained media; otherwise he had not set up his Holy Catholic Church to represent himself, and to draw all men, through herself, to him. Now, as I will presently explain, I find absolutely nothing in the system of the Anglican Church to correspond with these instincts, of which, nevertheless, I am conscious; on the contrary, everything to disappoint and repel them. I feel, therefore, in an unnatural state—"out of my element" as one says—with organs of which I cannot divest myself, and which have clearly a purpose, but in an atmosphere to which they do not seem adjusted. Again, as to *teaching*, I find none in the Anglican Church that is authoritative—none which she propounds to her members upon her own *ipsa dixit*, which is my notion of the Church that our blessed Lord set up. The Church of England every where sends us back to holy scripture, the interpretation of which by private judgment, or otherwise than by the voice of the living Church, I belive to be the very straight road to heresy; and which, in the Anglican Communion, actually issues in an almost countless variety of discordant and even contradictory exhibitions of the truth, which elsewhere is one in essence. And, again, as to guidance in conduct, I am constantly, through my own weakness, lead to seek it; while, in the Church of England, there is absolutely no

recognised system of moral theology according to which those who undertake that most arduous and perilous office, the direction of souls, are bound to shape their instructions. All is consequently accidental, capricious, and vague; while, as respects confession (even granting that Presbyters of the Church of England are authorised to receive it), there are no safeguards, either in the provisions of rule, or in the supervision of authority, or in the *prestige* of traditionary association, or even in the ordinary force of custom, for that inviolable secresy which can alone justify the requisite confidence, and which in your own communion is guarded by sanctions so solemn, that the bare suspicion of insecurity never, I suppose, crosses a Catholic's mind.

2. Secondly, I would not have it thought that I could make up my mind to leave the Church of England *merely* on the score of my own very peculiar and anomalous situation in it. I do not indeed acknowledge, what yet I know is commonly said, that I have no one but myself to thank for the disqualifications under which I find myself; nor, on the other hand, do I deny that these disqualifications have produced a certain influence upon my decision. All I say is, that, while regarding them not solely as the consequence of my own acts, but as a dispensation of Divine Providence, with respect to me, I still do not consider them as *in themselves* sufficient to determine my course.

I do not think that mere abstract intellectual "theories of churchmanship" are very impressive to the mass of mankind. People judge of great practical subjects, not as they may be made satisfactory to their reasons, but as they come home to their "business and bosoms," as they affect their hearts, work on their consciences, cross them in their daily path. But, Perhaps, I judge of others by myself. So long as the Church of England impressed my own conscience in spite of her many anomalies, as an adequate object of loyalty and affection, I not only clung to her, but gave myself up to her, without examining the question of her historical claims upon my acceptance. And so now, without knowing definitely how Rome makes out her pretensions from the history of past ages, (a most interesting question, nevertheless, and one which I am delighted to think is so soon to receive elucidation), I bow myself before Her, because She plainly corresponds with that Type of the Catholic Church, which is deeply and habitually impressed upon my whole moral and spiritual nature, in those very particulars in which the Anglican Communion has for some time been failing, and has at length ceased, to correspond with it. To come down to somewhat homely particulars, which however, always serve best to illustrate one's meaning, I am as sure as I can be sure of anything, that the thought of Christian Bishop ought to elicit a train of reverent and affectionate emotions. A Christian Bishop should be very *beau ideal* of a father, or, as we say, a "father in God." Now I am actually, and have long been, conscious of feelings which, in such an object of devoted loyalty and affection, would find their adequate and only correlative. To the best of my belief these feelings, would, in the Roman Communion, be allowed their free range, and proper satisfaction. But I suppose that I shall speak to the hearts of many an Anglican clergyman when I say that, where I am, they are liable (and that too from causes inherent in the system itself) to very distressing shocks and disappointments. What with our miserable divisions and mutual suspicions on matters essential, our political connexions and social habits, the committees of the morning, and the debates of the evening; the circumstances of an Anglican Bishop are surely enough to secularise the most spiritual, and deteriorate the most high-minded, even where it antecedently likely that, looking to the mode of appointment, such would commonly be chosen to fill the office. It seems more, then, the fault of the system than of individuals, that we look in vain among Anglican Bishops, *as such*, for that nobleness, and gentleness, and simplicity, and sincerity, and sensitiveness, and sweetness of nature, which have their exempler in St. Ambrose, or St. Charles; and to which the divine and perennial provisions of the Catholic Church (especially in the freedom from political trammels which she enjoys in England) are as favourable in one age as in another. It will be said that some Catholic Bishops are not such. I am not, however, wishing to speak of individuals on either side, but of the respective systems.

Now, I will never believe that a child of God's Holy Church can be destined to find the temptations to disquietude where he looks out for the stimulants, or the satisfactions, of affectionate loyalty. And if it be replied, that these things are the "cross" of our times—calls to patience and not arguments for change—I can by no means allow that *this* is the way in which, through God's merciful appointment, crosses come. The Church is surely our natural and ordained protectress against sorrows; not a chief agent in inflicting them: she is ever the persecuted, not the persecutor; if she turn persecutor, how are we to know her from the world? And again, if every one be *in* the Church and no one obliged to enter her, then indeed, are we exempted from the painful necessity of reviewing our religious circumstances, and interpreting the signs of the times to the disadvantage of our own communion. But if this be not so, then may we have occasion for other and less pleasant duties than that of calm submission to the system in which we find ourselves.

Another characteristic of the Church (its Divine Author being Himself our guide and informant) is brotherly love. The Church is graciously intended as that place of refuge, into which, as into the bosom of a family, the Christian may retreat for rest and sympathy. The more homeless and friendless he is, the more will she be found by him as "brother and sister, and mother." She comes to him, not merely *through* the relationships of this world, but beside them, and in lieu of them. She sweetens and hallows those ties where they exist—where they are wanting, she is far more than the most endearing of them all. I am sorry to say it, but I do not think that the National Church bears in this particular respect, any the most distant trace of likeness to the spouse of Christ. Heart-burnings and bickerings, alas! I fear me, are to be found everywhere; but the especial note against ourselves is, that the Faith of Christendom itself is no bond of union.

I turn now to a pleasanter part of my task, and a far more interesting feature of the Church of England; the holiness which now, as in time past, God has formed and educated within her pale. This has ever been my own best ground of confidence in her; during all the anxious deliberations which circumstances have forced upon me, this has been the one check upon precipitate conclusion; and now that my mind is made up, the thought of (even a temporary) separation from those whom in all virtue and godliness of living I acknowledge as so immeasurably my own superiors, is one of the bitterest of the many bitter pangs which I feel in the prospect of having no longer (for a while, at least,) "to walk in the house of God as a friend" with some of those whom I so tenderly love.

I do not then wish, with some whom I now, to deny that these fruits of holiness are genuine, and of a high order. Nor, again, can I bring myself to doubt (though here also I know

that I am at issue with some whom I respect) that they have been vouchsafed in a larger measure to the Church of England, than to other religious bodies external to Rome; and, once more, to those in that Church who have prized her characteristic ordinances, rather than to those who have made a principle, and almost a boast, of despising all ordinances. He has of His great mercy caused us to share, in excessive proportion, the overflowing of the grace of His Church, so that the very "shadow of Peter" has blessed whom his person could not reach; or whether, after all, we should receive the fact as an unexplained and inexplicable mystery of His love, whose ways are wonderful, but whose mercies are ever more bounteous and exuberant than that they should be absolutely restricted to the bounds of those channels, which yet he has appointed to be their ordinary means of conveyance; in any case I do not see, and should be sorry to think, that we are required to deny the fact in refusing to abide by the conclusion which some would deduce from it.

The allowance which the Catholic Church herself makes for the plea of "invincible ignorance" will enable us surely to account for these phenomena, without prejudice to her great, and venerable, and most impressive theory. Far more difficult, beyond all comparison, is the explanation of other facts, equally undeniable (except upon the admission of that theory), than the acceptance of the theory in spite of these! Yet here, as in all other cases, who would say that the rule by which we judge our brethren should also be the rule by which we try ourselves? The question surely is, not whether this plea of "invincible ignorance" will avail others [(to the *hope* that it may so avail, God be praised! there is absolutely no limit), but whether it will serve us, one by one. That there is at this time a plain call upon the members of the Anglican Church, as individuals, to review the ground of their confidence in her, is, I suppose, more extensively felt than it is freely acknowledged; at any rate, I do not see how it can be doubted. Now, I would not go as far as to say (as at present minded), that this inquiry *should*,* still less that it *will*, in all cases, issue in the conclusion at which I myself, for instance, have arrived. But that it ought to issue in one of two conclusions is a point which I feel more and more. If we do not throw ourselves into the Catholic system, surely we ought to throw ourselves into the Anglican. Now, let this be well considered. We are actually in the Church, or we are out of it; and, if out of it, we ought at once to enter it. And the Church is not an idea or abstraction, but a certain living, breathing, energetic institution. The Anglican Church is, at the least, an organised and acting body; it may be a false system, or a hollow system, or a worldly system, or an uncomfortable system, or an anomalous system; still a system it is, and a definite and distinct system too. It has its Bishops, who, on the whole, speak pretty much one language; it has its Formularies, which, whatever their varieties, receive, on the part of those in authority, pretty much one uniform interpretation; it has its Ecclesiastical Courts, which give judgments such as individual Churchmen may dislike, but which the living Church of England in no way repudiates, and which make themselves felt by sentences of inconvenient pressure, and conspicuous operation.

Now, who can say that an institution such as this is a mere dead letter, or creature of the imagination? Who can say that a dutiful person may at once live *in* this system, and, *on one side of it*, avail himself of its benefits and exempt himself from its restrictions, commend it to the world by his own external identification with it, while considering that his chief duty lies in endeavouring to supersede it?

Here I shall be met by two objections: 1. That if this description be meant to apply to any whom I leave behind me, it is erroneous and injurious. 2. That if ever there have been any such treachery, or such undutifulness, in the bosom of the Church of England, it has found its chief exemplification in such as myself. But I rejoin,—

1. That I am not accusing, but seeking to put, with all earnestness and affection, a serious question to those of my brethren whom I leave in the Church of England. I state this question with more vividness, perhaps, certainly with the more anxiety, because I think that I have been myself, in times past too little alive to its magnitude. What I conclude then is this:—If we be not prepared to throw ourselves heart and soul into the Church of England *system*, to submit uncomplainingly to her decisions, to love and reverence her living authorities, to sympathise with her general tone and spirit; if we sit so loose to her, as to contemplate the possibility of *ever* leaving her; and even to define, in thought at least, if not in words, the contingencies which might entail on us that necessity (so unimaginable to a Catholic Christian); let us, then, seriously examine ourselves whether we indeed receive this communion *as our Church*. If not, is it not time to arouse ourselves and bethink where we are, and what we are doing: and what sense we attach to that axiom even of our own more immediate forefathers, "Extra Ecclesiam nulla salus!"

2. And though it should be true that I have been myself seriously to blame in these very particulars, I trust that this circumstance will not be allowed to operate to the prejudice of my conclusions, if sound. I am not inclined to dispute that it may have been my duty long since to close with one or the other of these two Ecclesiastical systems; the one of which crossed my path, while the other interested my imagination. And yet I am persuaded that the amount of my loyalty and affection towards the Church of England has been, though very naturally, yet at the same time, very injuriously, underrated. It is not true, as I think has been extensively supposed, that such as myself have been loyal towards an idea, and undutiful towards the reality. I hereby protest (and an inexpressible comfort it is to me to feel that I can so protest) that my own Church; and not another, was ever the central point of all my energies and affections; and that, so far as I admitted an external influence at all, it was in strict subordination to her. For a time I was led to hope that the systems in question were not antagonist, but congenial; and I accounted it a chief duty to appropriate, as far as might be, the more remote with a view to the amendment of the nearer. Thus I sought to model the services of Margaret Chapel upon a type to which, assuredly, I found in the Church of England no living counterpart. And yet I never acted otherwise than with a direct eye to the provisions of my own Communion as I understood them, nor ever consciously transgressed the order of my Bishop. Still I felt, with increasing discomfort, that the result, fully adequate as it was to my own actual (though, I doubt not, limited) conception of the beautiful and edifying in divine worship, was a pure anomaly and excrescence in the Establishment, at which authorities at last did but connive (and that with no good grace); which neither had, nor was likely to have, any fellow to itself, nor to be incorporated into the general whole, which was, in short, far too much the creature and the sport of accident to be that fact of importance, and that sign of hope which I was for a long time willing to account it. To bring my own Church into the utmost possible sympathy and harmony with the Roman, while at the same time scrupulously observant of her own express directions, and of the injunctions of authority (so far as I could collect them), this as you well know, was my idea of the truest loyalty towards the Church of England. It proceeded, I grant, however, upon the assumption of an essen-

* I must beg attention to the qualification in the parenthesis.

tial congeniality between the two systems, whereof I sought, while it was allowed me, to draw out and illustrate the one by the help of the other. And whether or not this assumption were in itself extravagant, as I am not willing to admit, at least it has been exploded. I have now come round to the opinion with which others, wiser than myself, began: that the attempt to infuse the Roman spirit into the Anglican body is like "putting new wine into old vessels," the effect of which must be to mar the vessel and spill the wine—to dissipate the Catholic introduction and shiver the Anglican receptacles to pieces. But I cannot go so far as to regret that the experiment has been tried.

One benefit, then, which I hope will result from its failure is, that of removing from the eyes of many the veil which has hitherto obstructed their view of the claims of the Holy Catholic Church. Many of us would fain have been Roman without ceasing to be Anglican. The world has devised several accounts of this fact; but what I believe to be its true explanation, loyalty to the Anglican Church, does not happen to have commonly suggested itself to the world. That Rome must be restored to us sooner or later, many of us have long seen and felt; and the hope we cherished was, that the force of the transition might be broken, and the eventual substitution come about through a gradual process of absorption. But others would not have it so, and perhaps they were right. Catholic Rome has long lifted up her voice against the attempt to receive her by halves; and what she failed, for a time, through the dogged loyalty of a few Churchmen, to achieve, Protestant England has effected for her. Rome has long advocated individual reconciliations instead of a corporate union, and most wonderfully have the acts of the Church of England at once accredited her judgment and promoted her great object! All this is just what we might expect, if Rome be the Catholic Church—that God would interfere in ways the most unlooked-for, and through instruments the most unfit, to guard from injury that faith of ages which is her precious deposit; to secure from rash inroads even that practical system which those at a distance are tempted (perhaps in their ignorance) to criticise, and to employ even the agency of heretics and blasphemers to justify His ways and advance His kingdom.

Ever yours, &c., F. OAKELEY.

Littlemore, near Oxford, Oct. 23, 1845.

SQUIRRELS IN FIXED CAGES.

THE barbarous practice of "spinning a cockchafer," provided the tail of the insect be callous, and itself void of fear, during the operation, is not a more exquisite refinement in the art of tormenting, than to confine a poor squirrel in a revolving cage. If there be one method more efficacious than another to deprive it of liberty, it is this very contrivance, whereby he is constituted the centre of a system;—a governor of Barataria, where, do what he will, he never can possibly be in a state of rest,— where, let him vary ever so little, even for a moment, from his centrical position, everything begins tumbling about his ears. I have many times observed with pity the panting sides of an unfortunate little animal, its state of anxious tremor in its hall of torment,—its breath exhausted by galloping, kicking, and straining—worried and alarmed, without enjoying a single inch of progressive motion, or one refreshing change of attitude, for minutes together, within his tantalizing, turnabout treadmill. I know it will be said that he is happy, for that of exercise, the soul of nature, he has his fill. A man, pelted with mud, may believe he is hunting, or lying on his stomach on wet grass, think it swimming, as reasonably as a poor squirrel, in the midst of a whirling maze of wood and iron, can enjoy liberty and the delight of running;—the dog, even confined by his chain, moves unmolested in a circle—the prisoner changes position in his cell:—home is home, be it ever so homely; but when the house itself turns round, its homeliness surely is destroyed altogether. I was led to these reflections when, walking in the streets of Hull I observed a crowd of sailors busily employed in testifying their admiration and applause at some object of attention, by rude laughter, accompanied by many seaman-like phrases. As I approached, in order to ascertain the cause of their mirth, two squirrels were living amicably together in a common wire cage; such as is used for a thrush or a blackbird, furnished, with perches in the usual manner, and fixed at the outside of a house, against a sunny wall. Never did a snorting horse, bounding, tossing back his main, and galloping backwards and forwards, underneath and among the trees in an apple orchard, present a more striking contrast with the heart-broken, over-laden brute of a sandman, than at this moment these squirrels, by variety of their movements, in comparison with the monotonous labour before alluded to; affording an exhibition that highly delighted the sailors, as particularly in accordance with their professional tastes and habits. The little creatures displayed meanwhile, a perfection of animal activity no less pleasing to the general lover of nature and friend of the creation; each no longer the immovable centre of a circle, but figuring away in the periphery, and both together passing their hours in a state of happy companionship that baffle description. They threw summersets, ten or a dozen together over each other's backs, and round the perches, one after another, and then suddenly they would stop and change the line of direction, passing each other contrarywise, and forming both together in the air, while in rapid motion, a double figure of eight. Let anybody try the experiment, whether lord and master, or fair mistress of a squirrel—let pity be taken upon the little shadow-tailed inhabitant of the woods—let a new cage and a suitable companion be provided, and both together in return will regale the spectator with the exhibition of feats to baffle the imagination of Ducrow; and a combination of quickness, strength, and agility, such as no other earthly creatures possessed in more infinite variety. *Sir George Head's Home Tour through the Manufacturing Districts.*

MEANING OF THE TERM CANNEL COAL.

I OBSERVED large quantities of the Cannel coal, and took some pains, both here and subsequently at Kendal, St. Helen's, and other places, to obtain the meaning of the term. A considerable quantity is procured at St. Helen's, though the greater quantity comes from Wigan. It is dug out of the same shafts with ordinary coal, but exists in different seams. It appears to be a substance between ordinary coal and jet. In Liverpool and elsewhere, it is advertised by boards and placards—"*Coal and cannel sold here.*" It is invariably spelt "*Cannel.*" If it have really taken its name from *Kendal*, the people of the town are not aware that it has any such origin; neither is there any reason that it should originally have been called *Canal coal*, it having been dug before canals were adopted, and transported together with larger quantities of ordinary coal. It seems to be the general opinion that, having been used to light the men at their work, and serving as *candle*, it became by corruption "*Cannel*" coal. It is singular how soon words and phrases creep into use, and totally obliterate every recollection of the cause that produced them.—*Sir George Head's Home Tour through the Manufacturing Districts.*

THE VARNISH TREE.

THE VARNISH TREE (*rhus vernix*).—The beautiful black Japan varnish so much admired in Europe is the production of a tree which grows wild as well in China as Japan. It is cultivated in plantations, and is so much improved by the treatment it receives that a cultivated tree affords three times more of this valuable product than the wild one. The Chinese call the tree "Tsi Shoo:" it has some resemblance to the ash; with leaves shaped like those of the laurel, of a light green colour and downy feel. It is of no great beauty, but is valuable as the source of a very lucrative manufacture. There is scarcely anything more curious in this tree than the common manner of propagating it, which is neither by seeds nor suckers. Early in spring, a small branch or twig is selected, about a foot and a-half or two feet in length, and a ring of bark cut from it all round, about half an inch in breadth. The wound is immediately coated up with smooth soft clay, and a ball of the same clay formed all round it as large as a child's head. This is then covered up with matting to prevent it from falling to pieces, and a vessel of water hung over with a very minute hole in the under part, sufficient to let the water drop slowly upon the ball, and to keep it constantly moist. As the water drops from the vessel it is of course replaced from time to time, and in the course of six months it is found that the wounded edges of the bark have shot forth into the mass of clay, fibre-like roots, which form the more readily as the tree is still supported by the sap from its parent stock. When the twig is thought to have taken sufficient root in the mass of clay to support an independent existence, it is sawed off from the tree a little below the clay, placed immediately into a hole prepared for the purpose, and becomes at once a tree.

When these trees are seven or eight years old, they are capable of supplying the precious varnish, which is gathered in the following manner:—About the middle of summer, a number of labourers proceed to the plantations of these trees, each furnished with a crooked knife and a large number of hollow shells, larger than oyster-shells. With their knives they make many incisions in the bark of the trees about two inches in length, and under each incision they force in the edge of the shell, which easily penetrates the soft bark and remains in the tree. This operation is performed in the evening, as the varnish flows only in the night. The next morning the workmen proceed again to the plantation; each shell is either wholly or partially filled with varnish; this they scrape out carefully with their knives, depositing it in a vessel which they carry with them, and throw the shells into a basket at the foot of the tree. In the evening the shells are replaced, and the varnish again collected in the morning. This process is repeated throughout the summer, or until the varnish ceases to flow. It is computed that fifty trees, which can be attended by a single workman, will yield a pound of varnish every night. When the gathering is over, the varnish is strained through a thin cloth, loosely suspended over an earthen vessel; and the little impurity that remains in the strainer is used in physic.

There is a corrosive property in the varnish which operates very injuriously to the workmen employed in the preparation of the varnish, if the utmost care and precaution be not taken to obivate its distressing effects; a kind of tetter appears on the face, and in the course of a few days spreads over the whole body; the skin becomes red and painful, the head swells, and the whole surface of the body is covered with troublesome sores.

To prevent these effects the workmen rub their bodies well with prepared oil, before they proceed to their work; they wash themselves with a decoction of herbs and bark, and prepare themselves by a course of medicine. In addition to these precautions, they wrap their heads in linen veils whenever they are at their work, leaving only two holes for their eyes; and also cover themselves with a close dress of leather, and wear long gloves reaching above the elbows; by these means they are enabled to escape the diseases generated by the noxious properties of the varnish tree.* It is not improbable that an exaggerated version of these precautions may have given the first idea of the fable of the dreadful Upas or poison-tree of Java, with which the Dutch writers of the last century amused or horrified their readers.

Another tree very useful to the Chinese artisans is the Kou-Chou, which resembles a fig-tree. This tree on incision yields a milk, or liquid gum, which they use in gilding with leaf-gold. They wet their pencils in it, and then draw their figures and ornaments with the gum upon wood, over which they apply the leaf-gold, which is so firmly cemented by the gum, that it never detaches. This gum in its effects is like the transferring varnish now used in Europe, but more tenacious.

* It is said that there are men that will handle this varnish tree or touch the juice with impunity, while others are dreadfully affected even by being in the way of the smoke, or the wind which carries the effluvia of the tree. The artisans who employ this varnish can only work in the dry season when the north wind blows. The varnish is brought to market in great tubs—its natural colour is white, and it looks like cream, but it blackens in the air. Dampier says they make in Tonquin the best glue in the world from it.

GOD AND HEAVEN.

The silver chord in twain is snapped,
The golden bowl is broken,
The mortal mould in darkness wrapped,
The words funereal spoken;
The tomb is built, or the rock is cleft,
Or delved is the grassy clod,
And what for mourning man is left?
O what is left—but God!

The tears are shed that mourned the dead,
The flowers they wore are faded;
The twilight dun hath veiled the sun,
And hope's sweet dreamings shaded:
And the thoughts of joy that were planted deep
From our heart of hearts are riven;
And what is left us when we weep?
O what is left—but Heaven!

On one occasion, as a man who had been guilty of the most enormous sins was making his confession to St. Francis of Sales, he mentioned his faults without the least appearance of confusion, or repentance. The saint heard him for a while, and then burst into tears; the man upon this asked him if he was suffering from any pain, far from imagining that it was his own enormous sins that drew forth the tears of the saint; the latter only replied "Go on." The man proceeding to relate with the same indifference other crimes even still greater, the holy bishop again burst into tears, so much so that the other asked him again why he wept; whereupon the saint answered, with a voice full of compassion, "I weep, because you do not weep." These words so wounded the heart of that unhappy sinner, that he became a true penitent.

Protestants who are not so ignorant, or rather who are more learned than their brethren on the practices of our Catholic religion, know very well that we do not adore images; but they say that there may be some danger of adoring them—very good. Then why do they ever eat? for there may be some danger as well of choking and dying on the spot, and many instances can be given of such an accident having happened.

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